Face Me (if you can)
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by Nohh11

Summary

‘You’re a grown man, get your shit together.’

Notes

spoilers for c131

See the end of the work for more notes

The night air was cold enough that Eunhyuk could see his breath, but he didn't move to go inside. He'd been standing on the balcony for the better part of an hour, nursing his champagne, watching the city lights blur together into something that didn't require him to think.

Bastard.

"You really like eavesdropping, don't you?"

Eunhyuk's jaw tightened. He didn't turn around. "What's your deal?"

"Nothing."

The word hung there, too casual for how Dohwa said it. Eunhyuk could feel him approaching, idly leaning onto the marble railing eunhyuk was also inclined on.

"Are we on casual terms for you to speak to me like that?"

"There's no reason we can't be."

That made Eunhyuk turn his head. What's his deal? Eunhyuk graced Dohwa with a gaze that's barely concealed with contempt. He was closer than he'd expect, close enough that the light from inside cut across half his face and left the other half in shadow. *He looked different than he had in high school.*

Sharper, maybe. More deliberate in the way he held himself.

"I heard you've been in America for a while," Dohwa presumed.

"Is digging into people's past your hobby?"

Dohwa didn't answer that. "How's your project?"

Eunhyuk let out a breath that might have been a laugh if it had any humor in it. "Seems like you're really curious about something else."

"You're really prickly." Dohwa met his eyes. They were positioned close enough that Eunhyuk could smell his cologne. Clean and expensive and something that he definitely had sponsored at some point in his celebrity life. "Like you're pissed off."

"Hah." Eunhyuk turned back, the muscles in his jaw flexing. "I'm

leaving."

"Going back to America?"

"You're awfully curious about me."

There was a pause. When Dohwa spoke again, his voice had dropped lower. "Such a shame. We just met after a long time... and you're already leaving."

Eunhyuk's chest pulled tight. He should walk away,— go back inside. He can't bear to see another cell on this fuckers face. Nor a single strand of that blonde hair that framed his amber eyes that seem to be amused with eunhyuks every move.

"Then what if I don't leave?"

The silence stretched out, thick and uncomfortable, until Eunhyuk almost wished he could take the question back. *As if things can't get any weirder between them.*

"Don't worry," Eunhyuk said finally, snarking. "I'll leave."

He moved past Dohwa, towards the doors.

But Dohwa's hand caught his wrist.

Not hard. Just enough to stop him. "You're running again," Dohwa said blankly.

Eunhyuk looked down at where Dohwa's fingers wrapped around his wrist.

pull away.
he toyed with your woman.
say something cutting and final and walk out.

Instead, Eunhyuk looked up.

Dohwa was watching him with an expression Eunhyuk couldn't read. Something between a challenge and a question. His thumb pressed against Eunhyuk's pulse point. "Let go," Eunhyuk said, but it came out wrong. Not firm enough. Almost uncertain.

"You can pull away yourself." Dohwa met his eyes.

It wasn't a taunt.

A challenge? An invitation?

Eunhyuk moved without thinking. Grabbed Dohwa's jacket and shoved him backwards against the other side of the balcony wall. Where the guests of this manor wouldn't catch sight of the director and the respectable actor Baek Dohwa— doing… whatever this interchange was. For a second, they just stood there, breathing and looking at eachother in a manner that's far too close.

Dohwa's eyes dropped to his mouth.

"Don't." Eunhyuk said, but he didn't move away.

"You grabbed me," Dohwa pointed out.

"Shut your mouth."

"Try me."

This time, Eunhyuk did.

It wasn't mellow. It wasn't tentative or exploratory or any of the things first kisses were supposed to be. Eunhyuk kissed him like he was trying to prove something— to himself, to Dohwa, to the unresolved tension over the years. Eunhyuk tried to mute his thoughts by rashly pushing further, hard enough that their teeth clicked together, graceless and desperate.

Dohwa made a sound low in his throat and kissed him back just as roughly, one hand fisting in Eunhyuk's suit, the other sliding up to grip the back of his neck. It felt like fighting except Eunhyuk didn't know what they were fighting about anymore.

He tasted like whiskey, musk, and su-aes lipstick. The taste of bitter matte on the blondes lips were familiar.

Fuck. This is so Goddamned messed up. It was something that made Eunhyuk's head spin worse than any amount of alcohol. Dohwa bit his lower lip, and Dohwa felt Eunhyuk curse against his mouth.

Eunhyuk hated how he moved, how his own body responded, — hated this whole situation.

Yet before he could let himself think any further, his fingers threaded those blonde strands, and roughly pulled the other man closer.

Dohwa's hand tightened in eunhyuk's hair aswell, angling his head.

The kiss somehow got deeper, messier. Eunhyuk's back hit the wall. Wait, when had they flipped?— with Dohwa all pressed against him, all lean muscle and solid.

Then Eunhyuk's brain finally caught up to what his body was doing.

In a span of a second, he shoved Dohwa away. *Roughly*. Putting atleast three feet of space between them. They were both breathing like they'd been running. Dohwa's lips were red, eyes half lidded with amusement. His hair messed up where Eunhyuk had grabbed it. He looked—

Eunhyuk couldn't look at him.

"That didn't happen," Eunhyuk said roughly. Some of dohwas saliva coating a slick shine on his lips.

"Pretty sure it did."

"I'm serious." Eunhyuk's face was incredulous. Flushed. He looked furious and…— Eunhyuk looked away. Wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, walking past Dohwa, bumping his shoulder. "This—whatever the fuck that was—it doesn't mean anything."

"*Right*."

He turned to leave, got as far as the door before Dohwa made a remark that stopped him momentarily.

"You've been running for years, Eunhyuk."

"Tell me, what exactly is su-ae supposed to see in you?"

"that she can't find in me?"

Then he was gone.

Behind the three of them, the city lights kept burning, indifferent to revelations and truths that still didn't have names.

End Notes

hi guys I rushed this because I was already forming a boner (???)

Tags might say canon compliant but I'm 67% sure this is OOC. I haven't read OTL in a while so a generous amount of character nuance might be missed. Whatever, my eyes were glazed editing this anyways. If you have any suggestions or details to tweak to make it more canon (?) feel free to drop it in cs

Edit 1: made a few more edits now that it's morning. sorry you guys had to read that mess earlier .. HELPP

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